

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Book Of The Year.

Of all the beautiful fancies
That cluster about the year,
Tiptoeing over the threshold,
When the earlier dawn is here,

The best is the simple legend
Of a book for you and me,
So fair that our guardian angels
Desire its lines to see.

It is full of the brightest pictures,
Of dream and story and rhyme,
And the whole wide world together
Turns only a page at a time.

Some of the leaves are dazzling
With the feather flakes of the snow;
Some of them thrill to the music
Of the merriest winds that blow;

Some of them keep the secrets
That made the roses sweet;
Some of them away and nestle
With the golden heads of wheat.

I cannot begin to tell you
Of the lovely things to be,
In the wonderful year-book writing,
A gift for you and for me.

A thought most strange and solemn
Is borne upon my mind,
On every page a column
For ourselves we'll surely find.

Write what we may upon it,
The record there will stay,
Till the books of time are opened
In the Court of the Judgment Day.

And should we not be careful
Lest the words our fingers write
Shall rise to shame our faces,
When we stand in the dear Lord's sight?

And should we not remember
To dread no thought of blame,
If we sign each page that we finish
With faith in the dear Lord's name?

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A NEW YEAR FANTASY

The long line of people stretched down the winding walk in front of the White House and through the gate and out into the street. On New Year's day all the world might come and shake hands with the President, and it seemed as if half the world had availed itself of the privilege.

Marcia Marks felt almost overpowered by the thought of the honor that was hers. Marcia had not yet learned to shrug her shoulders at high position and august officials. She had been in Washington only three weeks. That she was soon to have a peep at the wonders of which she had heard so much, seemed like a part of the fairy lore which she had loved as a child. She wished that there was some one who might share her pleasure. But she had made no friends, so she shifted from one foot to the other, moving forward slightly, as far up at the other end of the line people were admitted through a magic door.

It was very cold, but Marcia's heart was warm. For the first time in her life she was earning money, and she was sending part of it home. Then too, she had a new hat, which was a great cause of happiness. It was the first really lovely hat she had ever possessed.

She did not dream that her exquisite blond beauty framed by the big hat was attracting the attention not only of the pedestrians, but of the occupants of the autos and of the carriages that drove slowly in line toward the other entrance, where a privileged few were admitted at once to the blue room. Marcia feasted her eyes on the pretty gowns, and for the first time as she stood there in the cold a little bit of envy entered her heart. Why shouldn't she ride in luxurious comfort? She had beauty and youth, and loved a good time.

But even as the thought entered, she put it away. Wasn't she lucky enough with her \$60 a month and her new hat? And once more her face was bright, and she held her head high.

Then suddenly she gave a startled glance under the brim of her hat, as the door of a great motor car opened and a voice said: "Won't you get in here with me?"

The woman who spoke was beautiful with the beauty of old age. Under her wide hat her hair was white, but she held herself with grace and dignity. "Oh," Marcia faltered, and the lady said, quietly: "Get in, my dear, I will explain later."

So Marcia, followed by the eyes of the crowd, stepped into the wonderful car, which went slowly up the driveway.

Then the beautiful lady turned to her with sparkling eyes. "Was

your grandmother Martha Wither- spoon?" she demanded.

"Why—yes—"
The beautiful lady clapped her hands.

"I knew it the minute I laid my eyes on you," she said. "As you stood there with your head held high in that haughty little way, and with your blue eyes and your red-gold hair—it was as if my dear school friend had come back to me."

"Grandmother is the dearest thing," Marcia said, "and as pretty as ever."

"I lost track of her," the beautiful lady told her, "when I went abroad years ago, and when I saw you I wasn't going to run the chance of not finding you again—so I made you get in, and made you lose your place in the line."

"Oh, I don't mind that," said Marcia. "I can go back to the end and wait."

"Indeed, you won't," said the beautiful lady. "I am going to take you right along with me to the blue room. I am to stand behind the receiving line, and you shall meet the president and go on to the east room, and wait for me there."

"But I am not dressed for that," Marcia murmured.

"I am going to play fairy god-mother, and put my wrap on you. Your gloves are all right, and your hat, and you shall have my violets, and presto!—you will be a young lady of fashion."

Marcia protested, but for just one moment the curtains of the closed car were drawn, as the wrap was slipped from the fairy godmother's shoulders and transferred to Marcia's more slender ones, and then the crowd, looking saw two exquisitely gowned women, side by side the younger one blushing beautifully over her bouquet of violets and valley lilies.

The rest was a dream to little Marcia—the entrance into the brilliantly lighted rooms, the music, the rustle of silken gowns, the presentation to the President. She drew a great breath of delight, as she settled herself finally in a corner of the east room.

But there was more to follow, for in a few moments the fairy god-mother sent the prince. He was the nephew of the beautiful lady and he was to take care of Marcia.

And he did take care of her, most graciously, and he talked with her as if she were a princess instead of a very shabby little girl, with her shabbiness covered by a borrowed cloak.

"Aren't you warm?" he said to her once, and Marcia said, hurriedly: "Oh, no." But when he said again: "I think you'd better let me take your wrap," she laughed and confessed: "It's your aunt's cloak, and I wish you could see what a very shabby little suit I am wearing under it."

And the prince said the cloak wasn't any prettier than the hat, and that the hair under the hat was the prettiest of all, and just then the beautiful lady came along and asked: "Have you made friends with my boy, Marcia?"

"I think he is lovely," she said, and blushed prettily.

She was carried off to dinner with the beautiful lady, and the prince went, too. And when Marcia took off the cloak he said he liked her in her simple little suit. "Only you must still wear the violets, because they match your eyes."

It was all very dear and delightful, but that night when Marcia went home to her poor little apartment she told herself that, of course, she must not expect anything more. It was a New Year's fairy tale, and that was all.

But the beautiful lady came every day and took Marcia out with her, and often the prince was there, and at one day, Marcia said: "Dear beautiful lady, you must not, you are spoiling me for everyday things."

But she did not, as the real reason for her protest was because of the prince. He was such a charming prince, and she felt that for her own peace of mind she must not see too much of him.

And as Marcia withdrew more and more, the prince one day demanded of the fairy godmother: "Where's our Cinderella?"

"She insists," the old lady smiled, "on sitting in the ashes. She says we are too fine for with our pumpkin coaches and palaces."

"Humph," said the prince, "I guess we will see about that." He thereupon sought Marcia in her shabby apartment.

Marcia's face was radiant as she welcomed him. "But you must not come again," she said, when he was leaving.

"Why not?"

"Because," said Marcia, which was not a real reason.

"I shall come as often as I please," he said.

Then Marcia stood up very straight and tall. "I am only a shabby little Cinderella," she said, "and I must work, and I haven't the time to trifle away with fairy godmothers and princes who wear gardenias."

Then he looked very sober and asked: "Do you think I fritter away my time?"

"Yes," Marcia told him, "I do."

"Well, tomorrow I am going to work," he told her. "They have ordered me to the Philippines. And I shall be gone six months."

"Six months?"

Something in her voice made him say sharply: "You care?"

Marcia tried to say: "Oh, no;" but her lips were white and her voice shook.

Then the prince gathered her into his arms. "You shall go with me, little Cinderella," he said. "From the minute I saw you in your fairy godmother's cloak, I knew you were the one woman."

"And I knew you were the one man," she told him later, "but somehow I felt that it would never really come true—for it seemed only a New Year's fantasy."

Happy New Year

Every year is a fresh beginning. Every January brings the unspoken message. "Try over again." "I washed the slate all off, and started fresh again at thirty-five," said one of the most successful men I ever knew—successful in head work and heart work, and in the best of things.

To settle down to the belief that one's chances for better results are over at thirty-five, or any other five, is a great mistake. It is a question whether one ought to wash the slate clean and forget what was there? Certain it is that thinking over the crooked lines in the past, when we meant to make only straight ones, is neither inspiring nor elevating. To recognize they are crooked, to see, if we can, why they were, is needful before we try again; but to expiate error by cultivating a sense of humiliation never yet roused the soul to stronger, truer endeavor. The teacher who is dejected with layer wrappings of self-satisfaction, may let these milestones of time go by without any thinking, but it is thoroughly healthful to look the past squarely in the face, and by the same courage, meet the new year with a determination to make its opportunities stepping stones to higher things. Keeping the end of the line in the eyes as the pencil glides over the papers, is a much surer way to get a straight line than to guide one's hand by constantly watching it. Keeping the goal in view promises much better for straight line conduct than to be always watching and measuring one's footsteps. What is the goal for each of us in the coming year? That is a question to be met, personally, in silent, searching communion. Is it too much to predict that the happiness of the coming year will depend largely on the goal we aim at, and the courage and spirit with which we press toward it? Obstructions in the way? Of course. That is what life means. To meet hindrances, conquer, smile over them, and not trouble other people too much with them, is a pretty safe philosophy for life. It would be a monotonous road that had no ups or downs, and we should grow as monotonous as the way.—Primary Education.

A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO

Time is
Too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice;
But for those who love
Time is eternity.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—Bulwer Lytton.

The Story of Pocahontas

Pocahontas was a little Indian princess who lived in the early Virginia days, in the time of Captain Smith.

Her father's name was Powhatan, and he was emperor of the Indians in Virginia. One of his homes was on the banks of the James River, where the city of Richmond now stands; and one was on York River.

It was when Captain Smith made his trip up the Chickahominy River that he met this little Indian girl.

He was taken captive by king Opechancanough, the brother of Powhatan. His companions were killed, but he was spared because the Indians were interested in the pocket compass he showed them.

Opechancanough sent him to his brother, who was then in his home on the York River. The captain found out that an attack was to be made on Jamestown very soon, and he wrote a messenger of warning on a piece of bark.

He said he was safe, that the colony must treat the messengers well but frighten them by the cannon, and to send beads, etc., back for gifts to the Indians.

The Indians thought the captain was a magician to be able to make a bite of bark talk! And Howhatan thought it would be safest to kill such strange magician.

Some people do not believe that Pocahontas saved the captain then. But others do.

Pocahontas is an Indian pet name. The little maid's real name was Matoace, which is softer and prettier.

The Indian danced their war dances and then led out the captain to kill him.

He was bound hand and foot, his head laid on a big stone and they were going to beat his brains out with their clubs.

But just then the little Indian princess rushed up, threw her arms around the captain's neck and begged her father to spare his life.

Her father saved the captain, and in the weeks of prison life that followed he made toys for the little girl and her companions.

By giving two cannons and a grindstone the captain's freedom was bought, and he was sent back to Jamestown. But the messengers, when the heard the cannons fired, were so afraid that they would not take them home.

Little Pocahontas was always a friend of the white people, and she never forgot the captain.

Once, when she found out that the Jamestown colony was starving, she took supplies to them with her messengers.

And once, when she found that her tribe was going to attack the settlement, all alone, through the dark woods at night, the brave girl went to warn the captain.

When Pocahontas was a beautiful girl of nineteen some colonists stole her and sent word to Indians that if they would not harm the colony, they would not hurt her.

While Pocahontas was at Jamestown as a captive (in 1613), a young Englishman, named John Rolfe, fell in love with her.

Pocahontas became a Christian and was baptized under the name of Rebecca. In April, 1614, in the church at Jamestown, with the consent of her father, Pocahontas was married to Mr. Rolfe.

Two years later he took his sweet young wife to his home in England.

Everybody fell in love with the beautiful Lady Rebecca. She was presented at court and visited in England several months. The Rolfes planned to go back to America to live.

But Pocahontas grew ill. It was a great change from the old, free forest life to an English city. She never saw her Virginia home again, for she died and was buried in England.

And some of the finest families in Virginia today are proud to claim that the little son of Princess Pocahontas is their ancestor.

The Salt of the Earth

Palestine possesses a remarkable salt mountain situated at the south end of the Dead Sea. The length of ridge is six miles, with an average width of three-quarters of a mile, and the height is not far from 600 feet. The mass of the mountain is solid salt.

Sabotage.

"Sabotage" is system used by certain workmen in connection with, or instead of strikes. It is defined as the organized hampering of production by slack work, the skillful disabling of machinery or the publication of trade secrets. Its adherents justify it under the special morality which they claim for the proletariat as an emergency measure in the war against capital, the saboteur being comparable to the spy. The practice first came into use in France about 1895 and has spread rapidly. Its formal acceptance by a labor organization was at the congress of the French Confederation of Labor in 1897; and this acceptance was reaffirmed at the congress of 1900. In the United States the policy is advocated by the Industrial Workers of the World. The Socialist party in the United States condemned sabotage in their national platform of 1912. The word may be traced to "sabot," a wooden shoe, footgear of the lower classes and workmen of some of the European countries. Sabotage is pronounced as though spelled sab-to-tah, both a's as in ask, "o" as in oh, accent on the last syllable. The word itself is derived from an incident that occurred during the strike of the silk weavers in Lyons, France. They threw their sabots or wooden shoes into the machinery, thus damaging it and causing great loss to their employers, hence "sabotage" has come to be applied to any act by which workmen may without danger to themselves, cause loss to their employer.

The West Point Uniform.

In 1813, when we were at war with England, a portion of the army on the Niagara frontier was compelled by circumstances to change from blue to gray. General Winfield Scott, while in command of some of the regular United States troops at Buffalo, in the late spring of 1813, wrote to the quartermaster general for a supply of new clothing for his soldiers. Word was returned that, owing to the stringency of the blockade and the embargo and the lack of woolen manufacturers in the country, blue cloth such as was used in the army could not be obtained, but that there was a sufficient quantity of gray cloth in Philadelphia.

General Scott thereupon ordered this cloth to be made up for his soldiers, and in their new gray uniforms they marched down the Niagara shore the day before the battle of Chippewa. The Boston Transcript adds that the British commander mistook these gray-clad regulars for militia, and regarded them so contemptuously that he was unprepared to meet their skill in battle, and the Americans scored a victory. Because of the success won at Chippewa, July 5, 1813, chiefly by "the gray coats," and in honor of Scott and his brave men, the particular kind of gray cloth was adopted at the Military Academy at West Point as the regulation uniform of the cadets.

Too Much Soap Hall

Many persons abuse soap by making a stiff, creamy lather in bathing, under the belief that this is necessary to dissolve dirt that fills the pores of the skin. On the contrary, Dr. Samuel Dixon, health commissioner of Pennsylvania, says very little soap is required to break up dirt and permit water to remove foreign substances from the pores so that glands may perform their normal function. Excessive use of soap usually fills the pores with fatty substances and results in imperfect action of the sweat glands, which is recognized as a cause of disease, especially of a respiratory nature.—Selected.

What's the Use.

Professor—I went to the railroad office to-day and got that umbrella I left on the train last week.

His wife—That's good. Where is it now?

Professor—Uh? By jove, I—really, my dear, I'm afraid I left it on the train.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Miss M. Corbett, a graduate of the Berkeley School, and whose engagement to Lewis I. Peterson was recently announced, was stricken with influenza while on her way here from her home in La Porte. She could not complete the journey and stopped off at the home of one of her married sisters. She is reported to be doing well and will soon come to this city to stay.

Miss M. Pearce, who has been employed at the Berkeley School in the Laundry Dept., has left to rejoin her parents in Cowell, near Bay Point, Cal.

Chas. Phillips was run down by an auto in Oakland during the week of September. He was taken care of at the Loyal Order of Moose, a lodge of which Charles has long been a member.

San Francisco Division 53, N. F. S. D., held their annual election on Saturday evening, December 14. The new officers for the year 1919 are as follows:—

President, Melvin Davidson; Vice-Pres. Ed. Brodrick; Secretary, Isadore Selig; Treasurer, Peter Mus-dalin; Director, Harry Schwaylose; Chairman of Directors three years—Ed. Lohmeyer; Director, two years—F. Johnson; Director, one year—W. Hannan.

December 21st is the date that has been set for the return of Messrs. Pike and Ross from Los Angeles. Perhaps they are afraid that Santa Claus could not find his way to Los Angeles, so they are taking time by the forelock and are coming to Santa Claus.

Henry Neil has left the Albers Milling Co., and gone to work on the night shift at the Globe Flour Mills.

On Sunday, December 15, Miss Selma Koenigsthal was united in matrimony to Mr. C. O. Wright. The services were interpreted by the bearing son of Isadore Selig, young Henry Selig.

Mrs. Chas. J. Eastlick of Fort Jones, has been suffering from ill-health for the past six months. The last two months were spent mostly in bed or confined to the house, and for this, and other reasons, she was forced to resign as Deputy Inspector of Siskiyou County.

It's about time for J. Frederick to begin his Christmas Poetry. Go ahead, Jim, and add a word or two for our boys over there.

A Christmas Festival was given by the San Francisco Division of the N. F. S. D., on Saturday Eve., December 21st.

Beg pardon, Mr. Price, Wm. Tyhurst's parents live in Turlock, not Tulare. Come again!

San Francisco welcomed another transport load of her own soldiers to-day (December 18.) Any one who knows of San Francisco's day and night peace celebration on November 11, can readily understand how we celebrated today. Men who are not in khaki are not very popular nowadays.

The California News reprints an article from a Redondo paper, that tells of the arrest of Mr. Lewis I. Peterson, while in New York, as a German Spy. Peterson came through the ordeal with flying colors although it was a nerve-racking experience.

Have you joined the Red Cross for 1919?

Geo. Davis is about again. He is thin after the ravages of the influenza, but still retains his old-time cheerfulness.

The San Francisco Chronicle of December 18, reports the capture of one William Wallace, an impostor. He entered a jewelry store and handed the proprietor a card that said the bearer was a deaf-mute and was trying to get enough money to buy a peanut-roasting machine. A policeman, who happened to be passing, recognized him as an old offender and walked up to him and said, "Come along with me." The proprietor tried to explain that the poor (?) fellow was a mute, and the supposed mute began making frantic signs and gestures. The policeman put the full length of an ordinary plain pin in several tender parts of Wallace's anatomy and it proved to be a sure fire cure. "Hey!" yelled Wallace, "Lay off a me, will yuh?" and he is now serving 6 months. He told Police Judge Fitzpatrick that it was

all a practical joke, but it seems that, as usual, the joke was on him. When will the public learn that:—THE DEAF DO NOT REG?

We see by the papers:— We were glad to hear that the Committee of the Detroit's "Sack Social" had no time or hard work to accomplish its success, but, nevertheless, were amply rewarded by the pleasure of the audience. Congratulations, Committee, how do you do it?

Boston woke up on December 6th, under a six-inch blanket of snow. And yet the Doctors advise us to keep our windows open at night!

We are sorry to learn that tons of papers were thrown from high office buildings and fell on the crowd, on November 11, in Los Angeles. We fear that nearly half the population were smothered!

Zeno and Shawyn are too busy with Christmas shopping to take up their argument where they left off Christmas is a time to forgive your enemies and friends with all the world but, tho' it may not seem right, I hope Zeno and Shawyn do not "kiss and make up!"

George Smith, known as Dummy Smith, has a new job with Doran and Company, Wholesale Butchers in South San Francisco.

Elbie Winters has left the Kohnke Ptg., Co., and intends to go home to Santa Cruz for the holidays.

E. E. Vinson has established a new paper for the deaf, "The San Francisco Nugget." Subscription price, 50 cents a year. It is firmly believed by all that this paper will beat any other paper that is published in the interests of the deaf.

H. O. SCHWARZLOSE.

And Yet They Say Authors Are Poor.

Authors may not now spurn the offer of money for their work, but they really do sometimes fail to cash checks according to the cashier of the Century company "I don't know what they do with the checks," he said in complaint to a friend the other day, "unless they frame them. Though acknowledgments have proved the receipt of the checks, I am always carrying on the books corresponding accounts that I can't close up for months, sometimes years. I remember especially one check issued to a famous actor and author. He died a number of years ago. The check was made out anew to the estate. Still it is uncashed. There is more than one author I'd bless if he-it is usually he—would only go and get his money."

The Great Wall of China.

The projecting masses of stone and brick which form its huge buttresses are alone estimated to contain more material than all the dwelling houses in Great Britain. Careful calculation long ago demonstrated that the Chinese wall contains more material than is sufficient to cover the entire circumference walls each six feet high and two feet thick. It is nearly fifteen hundred miles long, and is carried over the highest mountains, the deepest valleys, across wide rivers and over all manner of obstacles. It surpasses not only by its engineering devices and its marvelous stability every other effort of human labor.—Ex.

How Cloves Are Cured.

In the Spice Islands the cloves are sometimes cured by being smoked over a wood fire until they assume a deep brown color, when the further drying is accomplished by the sun. Occasionally the buds are sealed before being dried. If bright sunny days prevail, artificial heat may be dispensed with and the buds sun-dried from first to last. The crop loses about 60 per cent in drying.

Habit of Horned Toads.

Horned toads are harmless never trying to bite, even when taken into the hand. But they have a habit, perhaps as a means of defense, of spitting a little jet of blood from the eye when disturbed. One will thus eject first from one eye and then from the other a drop of blood to a distance of 12 to 16 inches, repeating this several times.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1919.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1632 Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$1.00
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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

THIS number of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL begins its forty-eighth year as a disseminator of news relating to the deaf and as a newspaper organ devoted to the uplift of all who live in a world of perpetual silence.

In this new year of Our Lord, 1919, this year brightened at the beginning with peace and prosperity, our endeavor shall be to make the JOURNAL better than it has ever been before. To improve its purpose would seem impossible, for it has always had in view that which is calculated to help the deaf as a class. To better its mission, we must depend upon the co-operation of the deaf themselves—the thinkers among them, the galaxy of writers who wield such facile pens, and the mass of the deaf who uphold it with their subscriptions and enthusiasm.

It is universally conceded that the welfare of the deaf requires a newspaper, like the JOURNAL, to combat injustice where they are concerned, to help along the projects that they have initiated or may initiate, to place before the public the records of their accomplishments and demonstrate the truth that they are factors of more or less importance along the lines of human progress.

Their organized work for helping to "win the war" has been splendidly effective, and has earned praise from men in high stations. They have bought Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps, and Thrift Stamps to the full limit of their ability. They have made one suit of clothes answer their needs and respectability, where formerly they would have purchased two or three suits; they have worn cobbled shoes where in other years they would have tossed them on the junk pile and bought new ones; they have "Hooverized" and stinted themselves in every form of quasi-luxury in which they formerly indulged;—all with the patriotic motive of lending their money to the Government. Doesn't all this reflect credit upon the deaf and the Institutions in the various States which educated them?

The year just passed has had fewer reunions and conventions of State organizations than usual, for the very good reason that money thus spent under war conditions would be an extravagance—a tribute alike to their loyalty as citizens and wisdom as individuals.

Still the deaf have not stood still because the war exacted a heavy levy upon their monetary resources. The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf has increased its membership and extended its benefits, and has considerably over three thousand members at the present time. At its convention of division representatives in Philadelphia last July, a step forward was made in the adoption of new classes of insurance on the American Experience four-per-cent. basis, under which some

forms of surrender allowances will be granted. Also the State Organizers were dispensed with, and six districts, each under a vice-president, were mapped out.

The National Association of the Deaf has issued the full report of the proceedings of the Convention held at Hartford, Ct., in pamphlet form. It is a book filled with instruction and interest, and should be read by the selfish and apathetic, so that they might be impressed somewhat by the altruistic work of this great organization. The National Association has refrained from pushing forward the Endowment and the De l'Epee Funds, in order that contributions to aid the war might not be lessened or hindered. Very soon we hope the De l'Epee Fund will start growing again, and that the triumphant culmination of the project will be reached at no distant day.

The deaf in general have prospered in pocket during the year just closed. High wages and plenty of employment has been the rule. The lack of man-power has been a serious problem in the intensive work of manufacturing munitions and machinery for prosecuting the war. We hope all of the deaf "made good" in their several occupations, for that will have a very important effect upon their future prospects. There will be great changes in constructive production, and the deaf are likely to stand a good chance of continued employment, if their past performances have been up to the standard of industry and skill required of good workmen.

To the deaf everywhere we extend the wish that their progress and prosperity will continue, and that all will have

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ON account of shortage in composers, caused by the holidays, we are reluctantly obliged to omit much "regular" and "special" correspondence this week. Look for it next week.

AN OPEN LETTER.

December 23d, 1918

To the Constituents of the Allied War-Savings Societies of the Deaf of New York:—

There is every indication that our goal of \$10,000 has been reached in the matter of selling War-Savings and Thrift Stamps to the deaf. In order to satisfy the National War Savings Committee, it is necessary that each Society must send me a report of the amount of stamps from May 25th to December 31st sold to the deaf, so that we shall receive an honor flag.

Between January 1st and May 18th, I sold \$1821.36 worth of stamps—that is, before the allied organization was formed, and to every society sending me a report, I will allot a portion of my sales in proportion to the amount each society has sold.

All reports must be in by January 11th. \$550 worth of stamps were sold on the floor at the Allied Ball on December 14th, and it is estimated that the profits of the affair have reached about \$650, making \$1200 in all, and which money will be put in Uncle Sam's war chest (Peace is not yet signed with the Central Powers). The Government issued an order to the hall owners not to collect the war tax on our tickets dropped in the box.

The deaf men and women have upheld the Washington Government magnificently by the purchase of War-Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds and by their labors on the farm and at essential war work. Many of our young lads submitted bravely to scientific tests in air flights and much valuable information was thereby obtained. We have helped in the smash of German militarism. The Kaiser and his Crown Prince are now in flight and fugitives from their own "Fatherland."

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,
Chairman.

Charles Stacer and his wife were found dead in their home at Easton, Pa., on the 17th of December. Mrs. Stacer was formerly Clara M. Frey, of Bangor, Pa. Their ages were 50 and 40 years, respectively.

True art does not imitate nature; it represents her.

The longer a woman's tongue the shorter her wings.

DETROIT.

News items of interest to the deaf of Michigan may be addressed to Mrs. C. C. Colby, 715 E. Jefferson Avenue, Detroit. Subscriptions will be received and forwarded to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The past week the false rumor spread like "firebugs" among the deaf in Detroit, that the JOURNAL Editor and nine other New York deaf-mutes have suddenly died of "flu." But the reporter prevented it, saying that the Editor is still alive and is at his desk as usual. Rion Hoel and H. B. Waters, lay readers, gave some good illustrations about Joseph and his brothers to a congregation at the Chapel of St. John's, Sunday morning, December 15th. The Golden Text was "If ye forgive men their trespasses your heavenly Father will also forgive you." What is Christ's law of forgiveness?

True forgiveness is as boundless as love. It has no strings tied to it. We must never cherish malice against any one.

Under the auspices of the Lutheran Mission, John Berry, lay-reader delivered a lecture to a good-sized audience Saturday evening, December 14th, at the Dad Club rooms. His talk was "President Wilson's Peace Mission to Paris, His Fourteen Points, Its History, and League of Nations, etc."

W. K. Liddy brought the meeting to a close with a good talk on "Germany" and "Jealousy." He stated his views so clearly that no one could misquote him.

Mr. Berry, the Magnet, is asked to give a talk for the local N. A. D. Branch in January, of which Mrs. John Ulrich is Chairman.

The business meeting and election of the Local N. A. D. Branch will be held on Saturday evening, December 27th. After this a pie auction will be held, under the direction of Mrs. R. V. Jones. Every N. A. D. lady member is kindly asked to bring a pie.

In honor of Mrs. G. E. M. Nelson's birthday, old friends were invited to celebrate at her home on Philadelphia Avenue, Sunday afternoon and evening, December 15th. She was kindly remembered with many nice gifts.

The Lutheran Mission Bazaar was held at the church Wednesday afternoon and evening, December 18th. Mrs. P. Giekow was chairman, and her assistants were Mesdames Grunow and Griffin. It was successful and profitable.

The election of St. Joseph's Ephphata Sodality was held Sunday, December 15th. The new officers are as follows: W. K. Liddy, president; John Walsh, vice-president; Miss Ann Donohue, secretary; and John Waters, treasurer.

Preston Perry is getting along as nice as can be. He was pleased with the flowers remembered by the Ladies' Guild.

There is not any Joe Tenney who went to Kalamazoo and Battle Creek on short business trips November 30th.

R. V. Jones had a terrible accident the other day. He fell off of his bicycle and is suffering with a black and blue face. He looked somewhat funny, as he has blue eyes.

Thomas Kenney, president of the Detroit Association of the Deaf, is contemplating of going to Mississippi to pay his father a visit during the holidays.

Several of the Detroit deaf are out of employment since the arrival of the Detroiters from overseas.

It is declared that the button-wood tree is the surest barometer of an approaching winter, the button woods are shedding their old bark this fall instead of next spring, and that is a sign of a warm winter.

Through the ticket raffle on lands at some show in Detroit last August the 17th, the lucky number 1101 for a fine lot fell on Mrs. Norma Hubn, wife of Ralph Hubn, 102 Cherry St.

On September 27th, the Warranty Deed for this lot, Number 907, with Abstract Title, was presented to her. It cost her only eleven cents besides the lawyer's fee. The lot was owned by Joseph H. McCormick and is on the Whitmore Lake Summer House Sub-division, in the Township of Northfield, near Ann Arbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubn have not taken a glimpse of this beautiful prize lot as yet, but they will go next summer accompanied by many of their friends, to visit it and have their picture taken on this lot.

The election of the local N. F. S. D. was held at the Dad Club Thursday evening. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: H. B. Water, president; Thomas Kenney, vice-president; Clyde Barnett, secretary; and John Hellers, treasurer, re-elected. The Trustees are as follows: Chris. Gottwerth, one year; George Davis, two years; and Rion Hoel, three years.

The Lutheran Mission had a business meeting and election, December 1st. The result was as follows: Ben Beaver, president; Harry Friday, vice-president; John Ulrich, secretary, re-elected; Ed. Luchow, treasurer.

Mr. Little, of Erie, Pa., was in Detroit with a view of locating permanently. He returned home to Erie Sunday evening, December 16th.

Mrs. Joseph Kolhoff, of Kalamazoo, spent Thanksgiving Day in Vicksburg with Miss Grace Clark and her father, Robert Clark. She also staid with them over Sunday, December 1st.

Sam Lasabach, a quiet young man, a product of Flint School, made new friends at the Episcopal Church.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Desmit, of Kalamazoo, December 1st. They also have a little daughter, who is two years and half of age.

Mrs. Nina Davis (hearing) and her sister (deaf), Miss Grace Phillips, of Danville, Ky., are now residents of Detroit. Mrs. Davis holds a very responsible and also difficult position at the Grand Trunk Railway. She spends her time in a tower, and gives the warning signal at the railroad crossing, near Gratiot Avenue.

The deaf of the world who will attend the 1920 Convention in Detroit, probably will see "The Great War Memorial Hall," or something great, as the leaders in Detroit metropolis and industrial life are planning to build an enduring memorial to Detroit's sons in the Great War.

The "flu" surely has not left Detroit entirely, as many deaf are continuously sneezing. Is not it strange that idiots are incapable of sneezing, and the power to do so has been deemed evidence of the possession of a certain degree of intelligence.

Mr. and Mrs. John Berry and son, of Mt. Clemens, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Hellers over Sunday, December 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Toegel were at the lecture of December 14th, at the Dad Club. They own a cozy cottage on Mitchell Avenue.

Mrs. Fred Allera is a first-class lace-maker. She can crochet everything to suit you for Christmas gifts.

Miss Lelia Bailey, of Flint, is expected to spend the holidays in Detroit with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Baird are still domiciling in Detroit, and are seen at all meetings.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. McLachlan have moved to a lovely apartment at 139 West High Street, in the heart of the city.

William Murphy, the president of the Ephphata Mission of St. John's Episcopal Church, was married in Tennessee to Miss Brown, December 18th.

Miss Fannie Sengrave of Cleveland, Ohio, is in Detroit on a visit and was at the chapel of St. John's Sunday, December 14th, meeting old and new acquaintances.

Miss Bertha Curtis, oralist, and Miss Violet Colby, witnessed the Ruth St. Denio Dancing Company at the Temple Theatre on December 14th, and enjoyed it immensely.

Mrs. August Quiek and two children returned home to Canada after visiting with Mr. and Mrs. I. Wiedman in Mt. Clemens some time ago.

Mrs. Fred Bortlier's eleven year old cousin, Malcolm Laura, is doing well at the Michigan School for the Deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hansz took a flying trip to Mt. Clemens, and called on Mr. and Mrs. T. Wiedman some Sundays ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Kolhoff, only son of Mrs. Kolhoff, of Kalamazoo, have a baby son, who is just four months old and tries to do a lot of talking.

Mrs. Harry J. Brown, treasurer of the Guild, is expected to take a vacation of ten days in Cleveland with old friends.

Austin Franke, oralist, is going to California in the middle of January to spend the balance of the winter.

Frank Holbrook Chas. an automobile (Olds) which is his companion from mornings, evenings and nights.

Ed. T. McMullen was in Ypsilanti visiting friends last Sunday, December 15th.

Clarence Kubisch is still keeping the cleaning and dyeing shop on the West Side, with his aunt. He has good patrons among the deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. Groesbeck, of Flint, who were married recently, are at present living in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hubn entertained some friends to a fine dinner Tuesday eve, December 17th. The writer and Miss Violet Colby enjoyed the occasion and looked at lots of old-fashioned pictures of friends in their youthful days. They have a little fox terrier that is well trained and leads the mistress of the house to the door when the bell rings.

Season's greetings to you all.

Mrs. C. C. C.

The Infant Class.

The teacher was taking a class in the infant Sabbath-school room and was making her pupils finish each sentence to show that they understood her.

"The idol had eyes," the teacher said "but it could not—"

"See!" cried the children.

"It had ears but it could not—"

"Hear!" was the answer.

"It had lips," she said, "but it could not—"

"Speak!"

"It had a nose, but it could not—"

"Wipe it!" shouted the children, and the lesson had to stop a moment.

—Pick-Up.

LOUISIANA.

Unlike others of its kind the Louisiana School enjoys its four months of vacation during the winter, it having its school session from early in the spring to about the middle of autumn, hence the pupils, teachers and officers have the rare opportunity of spending all the holidays with homefolks. This is the second trial of innovation and the authorities seem to be favorably impressed with the results.

Baton Rouge is almost deserted by all who are connected with the school only Supt. and Mrs. Huckaby, Mr. A. J. Sullivan, one of the teachers, Mr. L. L. Hennigan, foreman of the woodworking department, and Mr. James Goodwin, the veteran retired teacher, being the only ones thereabouts, the others, having gone to the "four corners of the country" some to spend the time at old homesteads and others at places where they are engaged in temporary occupations. Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Hennigan are engaged upon the extensive repairs now being made on the buildings.

Supt. Huckaby secured a handsome appropriation from the Legislature during the summer and is now carrying out long-laid plans for the betterment of the interior parts of the building. Judging from what the writer saw recently, changes for the better are going on and the old buildings are going to look "brand new" when the new session of school begins sometime in the spring.

It may not be out of place to state where the deaf teachers have gone to while away the four months of vacation. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tracy are in New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Gaennie have gone to Akron, Ohio, where it is understood Mr. Gaennie has secured employment in the Goodyear plant; Miss Amy Fowler is at her home in Ken-tucky; Miss Ella M. Cowen is in Omaha, Neb., and Miss Margaret Hauberg is in Baton Rouge.

In New Orleans there is a young man named John Breazeale who recently lost hearing from spinal meningitis, while serving in the navy as a yeoman on the battleship Pennsylvania. He is a Junior at Tulane University, taking a course in pharmacy and specializing in prescription work. It is understood the government is using him as an experimenter, and if he makes good, other deafened soldiers and sailors may be given similar training. For a year Mr. Breazeale was a pupil at the Mississippi School, and for a while last attended Gallaudet College.

One of the school papers stated that the Minnesota School is the only one that has escaped the "flu". This is a mistake. The Louisiana School escaped unscathed, and all pupils and teachers were sent to their respective homes without having been made victims of the disease.

While nothing officially has been stated, it is understood most, if not all the teachers will be retained for the next session. Two or three of the oral teachers have secured positions in other schools. It is not known if they have left the Creole State for good.

John Empson, who came down to see his mother after having spent a year at Akron, came to New Orleans where he secured a good job as a baker. Recently he was urged to return to Akron to resume his old position as inspector in the Goodyear plant. After visiting his mother again in McComb City, Miss., he proposes returning to the Mecca of the deaf.

Several other Louisianians, who have been working at Akron, have come home for one reason or another, but all propose going back as soon as the rigors of winter are at an end, and one or two more Crescent City boys are thinking of shaking the dust here off their feet and going Ohioward. Whether they will fare better than they do here, remains to be seen.

The Daily Times-Picayune is the leading newspaper in the Crescent City. Mention of this fact is made for no less than four deaf men work there.

Henry Soland, known to many of the delegates to the recent convention of the N. F. S. D. at Philadelphia, is in the "ad. room." Charles M. Holden is one of the stand-bys in these stereotyping department. The two others are Charles Tobelman, the recently elected president of New Orleans Division, No. 33, and Henry Kanel, the retiring president of the Division.

The writer not long ago had the great pleasure of making the Mississippi School at Jackson a day's visit. During his brief stay he was the guest of Supt. and Mrs. Wirt A. Scott, who have recently come to that school from Oklahoma. Mr. Scott succeeds Mr. Richmond Dobyns as the head of the school, and seems to be holding his own thereabouts, he being a "veteran" in the work of teaching the deaf. The school is making progress right along. The writer was put in the hands of Mr. E. S. Foltz, who was untiring in making his stay pleasant.

Mr. Dobyns, since retiring from the superintendency, has gone into the real estate business in Jackson, and the writer was informed he was making a success of his venture.

In common with other large cities New Orleans has a day school. The one here is presided over by Miss Power, who formerly taught at Baton Rouge. She has about twelve

pupils, and has an assistant in the person of Miss Lillian Roberts, of Birmingham, Ala., daughter of Mr. Osce Roberts, the well-known job printer of that Pittsburgh of the South. She taught a year ago in the North Dakota School, but has returned to the Sunny South, her first love.

Now that the annual races have taken hold of the Crescent City, it is natural to suppose certain deaf men of sporting proclivities have come down this way. The writer has heard of the arrival of certain ones from Detroit and Akron, but he has not met any of them so far. Judging from past observation not a few have—to use a slang—"got stung," and have had to be aided to get back home. The best advice that can be given such fellows is "to steer clear of the races down this way"—and elsewhere for that matter.

H. L. T.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Dec. 23.

"Chasing Rainbows."

"You have my ultima tum," announced old Jared Bliss, determinedly. "A small allotment. I will advance no more capital for rainbow chasing experiment."

"But I had every reason to suppose that the man with the unsinkable ship had a real invention of merit."

"Bah! A common swindler." "And the silver mine in Yucatan was recommended by an expert metallurgist."

"They all are!"

"But you are right, uncle, and I am wrong," confessed Ned Porter. "I guess I have been something of a butterfly. As it is, I thank you for the dependable financial assistance you offer me until I get on my feet. Tell you what I am going to do—get away from the city and my dreams, and see if quiet country scenes won't enable me to figure out some scheme of getting started right in a steady business way."

It was because of this resolve that Ned found himself a guest at a little old farmhouse four days later. It fitted into way-back, old-fashioned surroundings. Ned had been directed to the Warren home by a villager, who said:

"You see it's where old Isaac Warren lives, him and his daughter Rhoda! They're poor, ever since he was robbed of the savings of years last winter. She's a trim, tidy little housekeeper, and you'll be sure to get wholesome, well cooked meals."

The quaintness of the Warren home and the characteristics of its inmates quite interested Ned. Old Isaac was not very cheerful company but Rhoda made up for this lack of brightness and animation.

"You see," the old man would mournfully narrate, "When the house was broken into last winter the burglar got away with all I had. I kept my savings in an old iron pot hidden under a slab of the fireplace. Whoever got it must have seen me put it there. Ten thousand dollars nearly—think of it!"

It was a cold winter night when the old man and his daughter, returning from the village, saw a stranger emerge from the house. He carried something done up in an old shawl and dove for the woods. Old Isaac discovered his great loss and aroused a posse of neighbors. The thief was sighted, shot at, driven from one stretch of timber to another, and two hours later was discovered, shot through the heart, lying dead in a heap of underbrush. The precious pot of gold and bank bills was missing.

Two days had not gone by before Ned discovered that he was in love. The simple, artless maiden, who tried to make the grim old house the abode of sunshine, grew upon him as a creature of rare grace and beauty. She was, as well, the most industrious of housekeepers. The interior of the house was a miracle of neatness, the meals dainty and appetizing. Her devoted attention to her old father, to the mind of the fascinated Ned, made her a veritable household angel. Ehry day after dinner, however, Rhoda claimed five hours of absolute freedom.

"Now, don't get curious, father dear," Ned overheard her say, "but I have engaged to give the afternoons for two weeks to some friends, who will pay me well for my time. Think what a help that will be to us!"

Several days went by. Rhoda would depart regularly about noon and reappear in time to prepare the evening meal. One day, strolling along a country road a few miles from the village, Ned drew into cover, and was considerably amazed to note an automobile flash by containing four ladies most gayly and extravagantly dressed, and Rhoda was one of them. It was the next afternoon that he was caught in the midst of a terrific storm. A tornado blast had blown down trees all about him. Then the clouds broke and a magnificent rainbow spanned the azure. He smiled quizzically as he strolled on.

"Perhaps good luck would come to me if I could find the rainbow's end!" He uttered whimsically. "It seems to dip right into the middle of that great thicket yonder," and he continued in its direction until a great monarch of the forest that had blown over in the storm com-

pelled a detour to evade its tangled branches. Ned paused, spell-bound. Lying upon the ground where the big hollow stem had snapped asunder was a pot of gold—at the end of the rainbow!

The vessel had tipped and its contents had spread all about. In a flash the truth presented to Ned; within this hollow tree the burglar, pursued, wounded, had hidden old Isaac Warren's treasure. Ned started as a moan reached his hearing. He sought its source to discover Rhoda lying where a descending branch of the tree had kept her prostrate. There was a cruel bruise at one temple. His solitude, his love, drove him to lift her in his arms. Her eyes opened, she read his secret, and as they returned home, he carrying the recovered treasure, his other hand clasped her own fondly.

They were closer than friends now and Rhoda explained that her mysterious employment had been with a movie combination, taking scenes in the wildwood. Isaac Warren carried out a cherished plan to employ his capital in business in the town, and he took in Ned Porter, not only as a partner, but as his son-in-law.—Judson Dunne Bartley.

A Ghost in the Clouds.

CURIOUS EXPERIENCE OF AN ENGLISH ARMY AVIATOR.

The first air ghost has just been encountered on Salisbury plain by one of the most skillful of the army aviators, who went up in a monoplane one cloudy day accompanied by his mechanic.

The aeroplane entered the clouds, and the pilot was continuing his flight in them, when suddenly he discovered another monoplane, no more than fifty yards away, coming straight toward him out of the mist. He dived almost vertically, and after a headlong descent, leveled out once more, but his relief was only momentary.

The other pilot must have performed exactly the same maneuver, for no sooner was he speeding along again on a level than he saw the monoplane once again looming out of the mist, heading straight toward him.

Terror struck, the pilot dived again, emerged below the clouds and forthwith landed. Not until then did the explanation strike him. He had fallen a victim to a hallucination of the clouds familiar to every Alpinist, and had seen his living shadow projected upon the film of vapor.—Sheffield Telegraph.

The Child as an Asset.

If ever the American child was a distinct asset to the nation it is now. And with schools about to open and the work of the winter drawing near, the child is looming large upon the horizon as worthy of special attention. Our hope lies in our children as never before. It is a sad thing to say in advance of the fact, but we might as well face it, that we are going to lose a considerable part of our man-power. Much of it will be lost entirely, more of it will be disabled. The child of today, therefore, becomes the factor of tomorrow in the replacement of America's man-power.

The strongest bodies and the clearest minds are needed now as at no other time. The wisest care we can bestow upon our children is the surest investment of our country's future. These little bodies must be made strong in every fiber; the little minds must be wisely trained; these little hearts must beat strong and right. The responsibility of the American father and mother is suddenly increased a hundred fold. For, truly as we sow, so shall we reap, and never was it so necessary and so vital that the harvest of American men and women of the future shall be productive of the best.—Editorial from the Ladies' Home Journal.

Life's Keenest Pleasure.

The attainment of success should always be in the future. If you succeed today, tomorrow you should succeed again. If you have reached a goal for which you have struggled for many years, you can enjoy your victory to the full, but life will become dull, monotonous and fruitless unless you set another goal, begin another chase. For the eternal reward comes only with a life of continuous achievement.

It matters not what you accomplished last year, the year before, or many years before. It is what you are doing now, today, that is of real importance. If the time comes when you are fully satisfied, when the goal you have reached completely fulfills every longing within your soul, then life will no longer be of interest. It will be time to die.—Physical Culture Magazine.

New Schedule.

The railway train had just put in a tango playing machine.

"Are we running on eastern or central time?" asked a passenger.

"Neither," replied the conductor wearily—"rag time."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter, or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

BASKET BALL.

Saturday evening, December 21st, the well known Lexington Invincibles, reorganized contenders for the heavyweight championship of the Eastern States, were the main attraction at the Alphabet court. Accompanied by the Invincibles were the Lexington Marvels, Interstate and School Champions in the light division.

Before a crowd of about three hundred, that crowded the "gym" to its full capacity (standing room was at a premium) there was waged two of the finest games seen between four leading teams in many moons. Both teams demonstrated their basket ball lore in the full sense of sportsmanship, and taking into consideration the Lexington's boast that they had come over to annihilate the home teams, we can say that the going was not altogether very pleasant for them. In fact, the "Alphas" lost both games, but the Lexingtons sure had to go some to vanquish them.

Individually honors should best be bestowed upon the quintets as a whole—for were we to recognize an individual as the "shining light," we say: "Well, if he had not the backbone and the splendid support of the remaining four men comprising the team, could it be possible that the 'star' would 'shine'."

The line-up:

Lexington Inv., (33)	Alphabet, Sr., (26)
Gordon	Krishinsky, C. Golden
Jellinek	Moister
Weissman	Willetts
Worzel	Garrison
Berzon	Mr. Rubin

Summaries: Goals from field—Worzel, 6; Moister 5; Krishinsky 2; Jellinek, 2; Weissman, 2; Gordon, 1; Garrison, 1. Goals from fouls—Gordon, 11; Moister, 9. Referee—Mr. McMillan, Boys' Club. Timekeeper—Leo Kramer. Score—Mr. Morgan. Time of halves—15 and 20 minutes.

Lexington Marvels (29)	Alphabet, Jr., (27)
Herlands	Eberhardt
Grossinger	Susman
Beg	Kroboth
Lieber	Kerner
Mankoff	St. Clair, Chi

Summaries: Goals from field—Grossinger, 7; Beg, 4; Kroboth, 3; St. Clair, 2; Susman, 2; Mankoff, 2; Herlands, 1. Goals from fouls—Eberhardt, 11; Grossinger, 8; Chi, 2. Referee—Mr. McMillan, Boys' Club. Timekeeper—Leo Kramer. Score—Mr. Morgan. Time of halves—15 and 20 minutes.

The Alphabets are not yet confident the Lexingtons are their masters. Manager Eberhardt would like to arrange for a three game series for the Championship, the first games which have already been won by the Lexingtons. Will the Lexingtons be generous enough to challenge us on their home court, if any, or at the Harlem Casino. Manager Eberhardt can be reached at 83 Pennsylvania Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Brotherhood of Man" was the text of Mr. Lubin's sermon on Friday, 20th. He related how that quality was never so forcibly proved by many happenings during the recent terrible world war. One instance, he explained, an incident perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world, took place on the Leviathan on one of her trips. It happened that the ship contained many more Jewish soldiers than those of any other denomination, and the Day of Atonement was approaching and they were still far from land. There was no rabbi on board, nor was there any one of Jewish faith who felt capable of conducting services for that day. However, a Catholic Priest happened to be among the crowd and realizing their plight, volunteered to make arrangements to do so, and after a day's study as to method of holding service for that day, very successfully performed it, much to their gratification.

The choir rendered the beautiful hymn, "In Thy Service, Lord," and Mrs. A. A. Cohn led, in her clear signs, "The Star Spangled Banner." One could almost hear the "bombs bursting in air" and she has the knack of making signs keep time with the words of the song.

Although Mr. Lubin does not seem aware of it, he is actually proving to us by his weekly sermons that he has just the qualities in him to make a desirable rabbi for the deaf; but whether his inclinations lie in that direction or not is another matter. For the present, we will have to be content with him as a lay reader. He knows how to draw the line between a subject for a sermon and one purely educational. He does not permit business discussion at Friday's services, although there is such a long wait between meetings.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin L. Glynn celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage at their home last Wednesday evening. There were about twenty-five guests present. The table was beautifully decorated with red, white and blue. The wedding cake was in the center of the table. At midnight refreshments were served. Letters of congratulation, as well as numerous

gifts of cut glass, were received by the couple.

Amanda Hinz died Thursday, December 19th, after an illness of three months, and was buried Saturday, December 21st, in St. Michael's Cemetery, Astoria, L. I. Rev. Mr. Kent conducted the funeral service. Miss Hinz graduated from the Lexington Avenue School in 1908. She was a member of St. Ann's Church, and formerly active in its affairs. For several years past her health was not very good, and she lived quietly with her mother in Yorkville. She will be sadly missed by a host of friends.

Mr. Oscar Foland stopped working for the Government at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, where four thousand rounds of cannon ammunition were being proved every day. He was asked to go to France to help in reconstruction work, but as he doesn't understand the French language, he is staying in the land of liberty, justice and humanity—America.

Nathan Schwartz, a Fanwood graduate, who has been working at Norfolk, Va., for the past couple of years, came to New York for the holidays ten days ago. He was at the basket ball games at the Boys' Club on the 21st, and was warmly greeted by his numerous friends.

Mr. Joseph Zeiss, of Newark, spent his vacation in Lakewood, as a guest of Miss Ida L. Frank. Mr. Zeiss was surprised to see his former classmate, Mr. Julius J. Byek, in Lakewood Avenue. Miss Frank took Mr. Zeiss and Mr. Byek all over Lakewood in her automobile.

Jacob Asiuff, a graduate of Fanwood School, New York City, in 1917, arrived in California about a month ago. His parents reside in Pomona, Cal., about thirty-two miles from Los Angeles. He is very fond of Los Angeles, and likes it better than any other city he visited.

Mrs. Lizzie Kuckens, nee Schroder, a former pupil of Fanwood and Trenton Schools, dropped dead, of heart disease, on Friday night, December 27th, while attending a Christmas celebration at a church in Jersey City.

Israel Solomon, a former pupil of Fanwood, who has been living in Boston for some time, is back in New York City.

OMAHA

The new officers of the local N. F. S. D. are Harold Lee, president; E. S. Waring, vice-president; Phil L. Axling, secretary; Perry Seeley, treasurer. Since Elley Anthony left Omaha with a carpenter force last Summer, Mr. Seeley had been temporarily holding down the treasurer's office. This election made him permanent watch, dog of the Frats' money.

The Frats had a reception at the Labor Temple, December 14th. There was comparatively few present, the "flu" situation kept away many who would have attended.

Charles Maeck, of Gibbon, and Ziba Osmon, of Benedict, attended the Frat meeting and stayed over for the reception.

The children of the Nebraska School—a good many of them—left for their respective homes for a two week's vacation, the 20th of December.

Marion and Robert Booth are home for the holidays. Marion is a Sophomore at Smith, and Robert a Freshman at Dartmouth. He was a student-soldier, but was mustered out. Lieutenant Edmund Booth is overseas in Alsace.

Mrs. Eta Peacher, formerly of Fulton, Mo., has been taking Miss Stacia Kuta's place, as assistant in Domestic Art at the Nebraska School last two months. Miss Kuta returns to her work after the holidays.

Mr. Robert Black, New Zealand, was a pleasant visitor at the Nebraska School recently. He is a cousin of Mrs. J. Schuyler Long. At the Teachers' Meeting he gave an interesting talk on that faraway island about which we know so little. His talk was a revelation to those who heard him. At the conclusion refreshments were served. Mr. Black came to this country last August, and was in Washington from that time until recently, sticking around in the hope of convincing Congress that it would benefit both this country and New Zealand to embargo on rabbit furs and frozen rabbit meat. New Zealand had been sending these articles to Germany before the war. Mr. Black sold the furs that he had stored at San Francisco at a loss of \$70,000, just because Congress was slow in granting the permit sought.

Baptist Minister to the Deaf.
Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.

Rev. E. CLAYTON WYAND, M.A.
Ordained Minister.

SERVICES OPEN TO AND FOR ALL.
The minister makes a specialty of Reading and Lectures for deaf organizations. Assembly rooms furnished free anywhere in above States.
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PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1818 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HAZLETON, PA., Nov. 30.—Michael Kuchar, of Milnesville, and Miss Mary Kadusky, of Mahanoy City, were married in St. Joseph's Catholic Church today by Rev. L. J. Kroner, but neither heard a syllable of the ceremony. Both are deaf-mutes and caught the words of the priest by means of lip reading, giving their assent when necessary by bowing their heads.

The couple met for the first time at the Mt. Airy Institution for the Deaf, where they were students. After the nuptials the guests were entertained at the home of the new ly-weds at Millnesville.

Saturday evening, December 21st, there was an unusually well attended meeting of the Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., at All Souls' Parish House. Being the first meeting under the new regime, of which Mr. Irby H. Marchman is head man, it was designed to be a social meeting. One of the chief features was the exhibition of three sets of lantern slides borrowed from the United States Bureau of Health Service. These sets comprised three subjects—Milk, Physiology and Indigestion—which together made over a hundred of interesting and instructive views. There was no charge for admission, but all who cared to made a silver offering for the Home at Doylestown. After this exhibition a social time was enjoyed, and the billiard tables were patronized all evening by members of both sexes. Towards the end of the meeting sandwiches and coffee were served gratuitously.

All Souls' Church for the Deaf is still without a regular sexton. The church offers to pay a very fair salary, together with the privilege of occupying the living rooms in the Parish House, which includes free heat, free electric light and gas, but no one acceptable has yet been found. The difficulty to get a taker is undoubtedly due to these days of inflated wages, etc., so that it may be only a question of time when one may be found who will be acceptable. The work at present is divided between the Pastor-Sexton, paid helpers, and several volunteers.

Mr. William McKinney has been indisposed with a bad case of bronchitis the past week. He is coming around all right, we learn.

On Sunday, December 15th, Mr. Charles Partington gave members of the Beth Israel Association an interesting talk on Man and the War. The Association will give its annual masquerade ball at Grand Fraternity Hall, on Saturday evening, January 11th, 1919. Tickets will cost thirty-five cents. Handsome prizes will be offered for the best costume.

St. Cecilia Council, No. 3, Ladies of De l'Epee, will hold a Watch Night Social at the Grand Fraternity Hall, on Tuesday evening, December 31st. A silver offering will be asked for admission.

Mr. George A. Jones visited his home folks at Mt. Airy, North Carolina, and other places, in the latter part of last August. One day after his return to the city he caught the "flu," and was laid up for a considerable time. He is all right now.

Mrs. Joseph Mayer, Jr., has recently visited relatives around Frackville and Shamokin, Pa., and reported an enjoyable time.

At the last meeting of the Clero Literary Association, on December 19th, James S. Reider gave a talk on "Christmas Days of Old," which he compared to the customs of today. The subject led to an interesting discussion afterwards, in which the Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Mr. William H. Lipsett, and Mrs. M. J. Syle participated.

A marriage license has been issued to Mr. Carl W. Solov and Miss Seima Silnutzer.

Mrs. W. K. Clayton departed for Ashland, Pa., the home of her husband's folks, on Sunday, December 15th, to remain over the holidays. Mr. Clayton expects to join her there on Christmas.

Mr. Ross H. Weisel, of Doylestown, was the guest of Mr. Seneca F. Lange for a few days in the middle of December. He visited All Souls' Church for the Deaf for the first time while here, and seemed very favorably impressed by it.

Miss Gertrude Parker left for Leipsic, Del., on Tuesday, December 24th, to spend the holidays with her aged parents. Her stay may be prolonged indefinitely.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf.

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Week day social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M.
Other services and meetings by special appointment.
The deaf cordially invited.

Minister's address: 2909 Virginia Avenue

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 928 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

December 21, 1918.—Off for home for the Christmas vacation the pupils left this morning. Probably not a baker's dozen of "left overs" cast envious eyes at those departing. Pupils were up at four o'clock, had breakfast at five thirty, and at six the first crowd left for the depot, accompanied by their teachers. Others soon followed, and the last batch were off at eleven o'clock. All got off on good time, as the weather was of the Spring kind, and trains were up to schedule. Quite different from last year, when trains arriving and leaving were two or more hours late.

We hope all will have a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and when they return will have shed the excitement that seized the household the past two months from causes that have been obvious.

Samuel N. Corbett, of Bellairé, is well provided for the winter. A 190 pound hog is getting ready for slaughter. Sixteen chickens supply him with eggs and an occasional fry. He laid in four barrels of apples and twelve bushels of potatoes. His daughter, Katherine, while the "flu" was raging in Bellairé, did Red Cross duty at twenty dollars per week, and is now clerking in a store. His son draws \$115.00 per month from the city as fire-truck driver, and daughter Nellie helps the folks at home. Mr. Corbett himself still has work in the glass factory on half time, but with the opening of the New Year the factory will run on full time.

Jacob Cox, a blind deaf "resident" of the Home, entered a year and a half ago, had his eyes operated upon recently by Dr. Timberman, of Columbus. When the bandage was removed by the doctor on a recent visit, the patient said he could see. He is still kept in a dark room. It is hoped the operation will have proved successful, and if so he surely ought to feel merry at this Christmastide.

Jacob Vogelhund, employed at the Home, was in town today. He has been plowing, and expects to finish the job Tuesday.

Mr. W. W. Hines donated the Home recently six bushels of oats, paying expressage on them from his home in Jeffersonville. Mr. Chapman will use them for seed next Spring.

A trio of geese has been added to the stock of the Home.

Mr. Norbert Pilliod, a student of Gallaudet up to last June, became a benedict November 26th. His partner was Miss Ann Jungwirth, also a former Gallaudet student. Their marriage ceremony took place in Detroit, Mich. The parents of the groom, Miss Margaret Long, his aunt, a teacher of the school here, attended the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Pilliod will be at home in Swanton, Ohio, with the groom's parents. Next summer they will make a visit to the bride's parents in South Dakota, which is her native State.

William Roush, of Bidwell, Gallia County, Ohio, feels good, and why shouldn't he? Recently he sold 31 turkeys weighing 537 pounds, which enriched him to the amount of \$161.10, at 30 cents a pound.

Wednesday morning the upper classes were allowed to do their Christmas shopping from 8 to 9:45 o'clock. This was done to avoid the crowds in the afternoon.

Merry Christmas to the JOURNAL readers.

A. B. G.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3525 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

WINTER, 1918-1919.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 3 P.M.

Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 3 P.M.

New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays, at 7 P.M.

Waterbury—St. John's Church, Parish House, third Sundays, at 7 P.M.

Services in Pittsfield and Springfield, Mass., by appointment.

Address: Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

Pro Patria

Admiral Braithwaite retired to his library, reading for the fiftieth time a news item in which it was stated that Lieutenant Gerald Braithwaite of H. M. S. Orzel, had been arrested last night, in drunken brawl, in a public house, and that the Naval Board would today institute an investigation, since this was not the first time Lieutenant Braithwaite's name had been mentioned in connection with similar episodes.

As he finished, the old admiral seemed to crumple in the depths of his big chair. His fingers relaxed and the newspaper dropped to the floor. Then his eyes turned toward the opposite wall where three full length portraits stared at him.

The first was that of a robust man in the uniform of a commodore of the early eighties. Beneath the portrait was the inscription: "Gerald Braithwaite, Commodore, R. N., and several beribboned decorations."

The second was his own portrait, beneath which hung a small vice-admiral's flag, and the "Distinguished Service" bar on a blue ribbon.

The third portrait showed a young man in the dress uniform of a lieutenant in His Majesty's Navy. The space beneath it was empty.

The library door opened and the butler announced: "Captain Reynolds, sir."

As Reynolds crossed the room and shook the admiral's hand, an awkward silence fell between them. Then the admiral spoke.

"I cannot blame them for the investigation. I would not blame them if the man were other than my son, and I cannot blame them because he is. But it hurts, Reynolds."

"Of course. What is it, admiral? What is it? God knows the boy has the right stuff in him?"

"It's as old as the Braithwaites—the all-consuming desire for alcohol. I fought it. The commodore, my father, fought it before me and educated me to fight it as I educated my son. We won. The boy loses. It isn't because he doesn't try. It's a disease with him—alcoholism. He lives a Jekyll and Hyde existence. He's a fine boy, Reynolds, a magnificent boy. That's the horror of it. Great God! Must he lose?"

"He hasn't lost. No man of thirty-two has lost."

"God grant you are correct. They will do nothing."

"Not at present. They are giving him another chance. We sail to-night."

"Gerald—goes with you?"

"Yes, he sails with the Orzel, although God alone knows how he will come through."

"It was square of the Admiralty."

"You should have heard. I swore that he was the greatest ordinary officer in the service; said I couldn't do without him. I vouched for him."

"I understand, Reynolds. It hurts to know that my son needed such a friend before the Admiralty; that a navy Braithwaite should have come to that point. But by the great God, he'll repay you, Reynolds, repay you and England. Blood will tell."

The library door swung back and the young man of the third portrait entered, then stopped. "Beg pardon—"

"Come in, Gerald. I'm just leaving."

"You've been to the Admiralty Building?"

"Yes."

"And the verdict—"

"You sail with the Orzel to-night. It is—"

"My last chance?"

"Yes, my boy!"

"Thank you, captain. I'll try to be worthy."

The captain was ushered out by the butler. For a long time the father stared at his son, the light of paternal worship in his fine eyes. Then he said, "Come here, Gerald."

"Yes, sir?"

"Your grandfather's portrait there—see it?"

"You were proud of that when you were a youngster. You used to boast about it to your friends. Nor were you ashamed of my portrait and my record. I'm not going to lecture you, lad. You recognize the gravity of it all as keenly as I. I know the battle and your ugly heritage. I would that I might help you. But I can't. It's sink or swim by yourself. The little frame under your portrait is vacant. See to it that it does not suffer by contrast with mine and my father's. We live for posterity, lad. You are a navy Braithwaite. You will win—because you must—my boy."

"Father, I'll try," and he hurriedly left the room. In the hall he shook the hand of the old butler and said:

"I'm off to-night, Henry, with the Orzel. Good-bye, Henry. And sort-of look after him will you?"

"That he will, sir, mighty close indeed, sir. And when we hear you've distinguished yourself, sir, it's right proud we'll be—him and his, sir."

Braithwaite swung rapidly down the street; the light of the navy Braithwaite flashing from his eyes. When he stepped on to the immacu-

lately swabbed dock of the Orzel, Captain Reynolds was waiting for him, and the two officers clasped hands.

Six weeks later the Captain of the Orzel was pacing the deck when an excited hail from the foremost lookout broke sharply into his reverie.

"Submarine on the starboard bow!"

The captain's trained eyes leaped to starboard. The torpedo-lieutenant bounded to his side and thrust into his hands a pair of binoculars.

With the aid of these he discerned far off a partially submerged submarine.

The captain spoke briefly into the telephone and the big ship trembled, as a thousand pointed messengers of destruction went hurtling across the sun-kissed waters of the Mediterranean.

A bugle sharply blared the command to abandon ship. Men poured from the Orzel's hatches, fore, aft and amidships. It was clear that the Orzel was doomed to destruction. The bugle repeated the shrill, "Abandon ship" call and the crew stood ready.

Suddenly a sub-lieutenant screamed, "The dispatch boat! Look!"

The captain swung his binoculars and saw under Lieutenant Braithwaite's expert guidance, the dispatch boat flashing at full speed into the path of the onrushing submarine.

On it came. Straight across its course raced the dispatch boat. Officers and men hung over the side and watched the battle which meant life or death to them all. The boat and torpedo came closer, closer.

The captain, spellbound, watched Braithwaite alter his course slightly so that he might be more certain of meeting the weapon of death from the enemy submarine. Then he murmured:

"He can't make it! He can't. The torpedo will get by! Great God!"

There came a muffled roar and 400 pounds of gun cotton exploding on impact, had wiped the dispatch boat from the seas.

In London a few days later, the old butler entered the library and handed a newspaper to the old vice-admiral. Slowly he unfolded the paper and read. Then said:

"Listen, Henry, I will read you what they have to say about Gerald—" and so the last and greatest of the navy Braithwaites met death unflinchingly that he might save a ship and its complement. He was a man, and as a man he died. Old Henry brushed his hand across his eyes unashamed of the tears.

To-day the plate below the third portrait is inscribed:

GERALD BRAITHWAITE

LIEUTENANT R. N.

Lost in Action in the Mediterranean

Pro Patria.

And beneath the plate is a small Maltese cross struck on a blue ribbon and in its centre is a crown surmounted by a lion and a deo y indented in the scroll are the words, "For Valor."—Author unknown, Editor.

Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDON, General Missionary, 2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guided and other meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumtucket—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterians Church.

Elighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor, Mrs. ROSE CHESNUT, Mute Interpreter.

Sabbath School—2 P.M.

Sermon—3 P.M.

Mute—Christian Endeavor, 4:15 P.M.

Everybody Welcome.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS, Fort Smith, Ark.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House, 529 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.

Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES.

Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.

Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 3:00 P.M.

Social Center every other day at 8 P.M. ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

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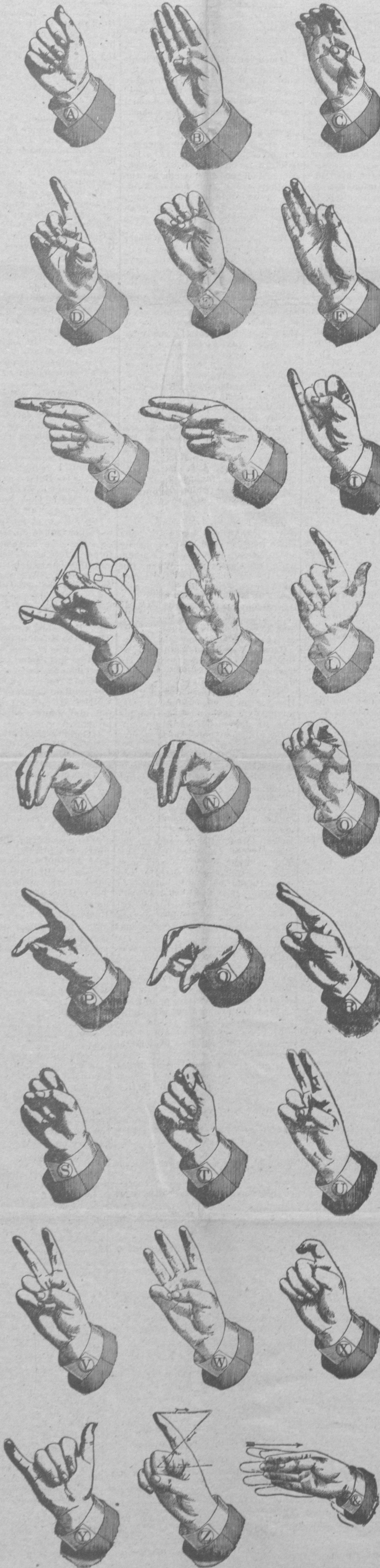
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ALEXANDER L. PACH, '82, President.
WM. H. ROSE, '86, Secretary.
123 Liberty Street, New York.

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Second Saturday each month.

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League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreative, and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the second and fourth Thursdays of every month. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors, coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles are always welcome. Address all communications to the Secretary, ANTHONY CAPPELLI, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.
Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Priest-in-Charge.
Edwin W. Frisbee and Albert S. Tufts, Lay-Readers.
Boston—St. Andrew's Silent Mission, Trinity Parish House, Copley Square.
Every Sunday of the month, at 11:00 A. M.
Haverhill—Trinity Church, First Sunday, at 3 P. M.
Salem—Federal Street Church, Second Sunday, at 2:15 P. M.
Lynn—St. Stephen's, Third Sunday, at 3 P. M.
Everett—N. E. Home for Deaf-Mutes, Third Sunday, at 3 P. M.
Worcester—All Saint's, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P. M.
Providence, R. I.—Grace Church, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P. M.
Edwin W. FRISBEE, Lay-Missionary,
80 Playstead Road, West Medford, Mass.

National Association of
the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 25, 1900.

An Organization for the Welfare
of all the Deaf.

OBJECTS

To educate the public as to the Deaf;
To advance the intellectual, professional and industrial status of the Deaf;
To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;
To oppose the unjust application of liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;
To cooperate in the improvement, development and extension of educational facilities for deaf children;
To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf; the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;
To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the impostor evil—hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
To raise an endowment fund—the income of which is to be devoted to furthering the objects of the Association;
To erect a national memorial to Charles Michael De l'Epée—the universal benefactor of the Deaf.

MEMBERSHIP

Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the United States;
Associate Members: Deaf persons not citizens of the United States and Hearing Persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

FEES AND DUES

Initiation Fee, \$1.00; Annual dues, 50 Cents. Life membership, \$25 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time. All Official Publications free to members.
Official Organ: THE NAD
Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.
Life memberships, donations and bequests towards the increase of the Endowment fund are especially needed and earnestly solicited to the end that permanent headquarters, in charge of salaried experts, may be maintained for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the work of the Association.

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rough whom remittances for dues, fees, donations and life membership may be made.
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Wisconsin: Thomas Hagerty, School for the Deaf, Delavan.
Georgia and South Carolina:
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